



## WHEN REUBEN CAME TO TOWN

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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His name, Reuben—really and truly it was—Reuben Walker, from the outskirts of Tunkhannock, Pa.

He came to town by the Pennsylvania railroad and the Cortland street ferry, and it was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon when he made his metropolitan debut.

In appearance he was somewhat like the countryman of the comic weekly, but not nearly so much as he thought he was. The fact is that Reuben was toughly upon this subject. He didn't like his name, and he didn't like his looks. He knew that his garments were rustic in design and his headgear quite undistinguished.

"I paid enough for these clothes," said he to himself, "but, darn 'em, they don't look right. They look just like me—Rube Walker from Wayback."

In particular he regretted having brought a satchel of enormous size and antiquated design; not quite the old-fashioned carpetbag, but certainly suggestive of it. He could see that the cabmen around the ferryhouse observed it; the gamblers of West street offered with one voice to carry it, and they grinned as they did so. On being refused one of them actually cried out, "Hey, Rube!"

Inside the big satchel was a modern handbag of conventional pattern which Reuben had bought in Tunkhannock, but at the last moment this had proved too small, so he had taken the capacious veteran that had done duty in the family for years. But he had saved the little one for use while going about New York. His business there was important. He was to buy machinery and tools for a factory in Tunkhannock of which he owned a part, and he had a big roll of bills snugly stowed away in his trousers pocket.

Reuben had been to town before, but not often. The knowledge that nothing could disguise his countenanced appearance had kept him at home and helped to fasten upon him the very aspect he would have been so glad to lose. But 600,000, Warren Leland acting as counsel for both parties.

The man who had played the part of the accountant now acted as a notary and commissioner, and Reuben's signature as "John Atkinson" was duly attested. Stanton glanced at it. "It was your daughter who used to conduct your correspondence with us, wasn't it?" he asked, and Reuben, who had no idea what the other was driving at, answered that it was.

"I suppose you'll put this money in your safe deposit box temporarily," said Stanton, eyeing the bag somewhat anxiously. "Yes," replied Reuben; "I thought of doing so."

He was drenched with the perspiration of impatience, yet he maintained an outward calm. It was evident that the moment for springing the trap, whatever it might be, must have arrived. As yet Reuben had not been asked for a cent of money, and his roll of bills was still safe in his pocket.

"By the way," said Stanton, "here is Mr. Leland's bill for legal services. Of course there's no hurry about it. Still, it might be well to close up the whole transaction, and—"

"Certainly, certainly," cried Reuben, and he took the bill, which footed up almost \$1,000.

Of course he understood the game by this time. The bag into which Stanton had put the money was a mere trick bag. It could only be opened by one understanding the springs. The victim was expected to try to open it and fail.

With rapid hand he changed the bag. The operator would then suggest payment out of the victim's pocket, saying that the bag could be taken to a locksmith's and the swindle known.

There was no resemblance between the two men except that they were of the same type and the same complexion and had the same fancy in the matter of whiskers.

Reuben's feelings on reading this story pass the limit of language. He meditated suicide, but finally decided to put the matter in the hands of a lawyer. A settlement was finally effected in such a way as to keep Reuben's name out of the newspapers, but the lawyer's fee was \$150, the price, as Reuben expressed it, of being "too darned smart."

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"Certainly, certainly," repeated Reuben, and he produced his roll of bills. The account was paid and a receipt duly given.

"One of our boys will carry your bag to the safe deposit company for you," suggested Stanton. "That's the safe way. You walk right behind him and see that nobody gets away with your money."

"All right," said Reuben; "much obliged."

A sharp faced boy took the bag, and Reuben, after wishing Stanton and the accountant "many happy returns of the day," a pleasant wish they seemed not to fully understand, walked out of the office on two legs that felt as fit to support a man's body as two wet towels.

"I've got the brains of a swindler," said Reuben as he tottered down the stairs, "but I haven't got the nerve—not the legs."

As he passed out of the building he saw a countryman entering, just such another as himself.

"Suckers are plenty today," said Reuben, chuckling.

At the first cross street Reuben made a hasty escape, leaving the boy to proceed wherever his fancy or his orders might take him. A cab presented itself most opportunely, and Reuben Walker of Tunkhannock, Pa., limp, dripping and so dry in the throat that his breath made a rustling sound, was conveyed to the Fifth Avenue hotel, the first whose name came to his mind as he was entering the cab.

He dared not open the bag till he had reached his room, but he suffered agonies. Was there any possibility of defeat? Could there be knaves shrewd enough to work a trick even under the circumstances described?

In his room his first act was to lock the door. Then he pulled the little bag out of the big one and with nervous hands wrenched it open so violently that metal and leather were torn asunder.

There lay the money, \$18,000! The banknote men were bunkoed.

Reuben remained in his room during the remainder of the afternoon. He had his dinner there, paying for it with one of the hundreds from the bag. He had a nervous time while the bill was being changed, for it might be counterfeited. That deadly possibility had just dawned on him. But the bill was good.

Reuben retired to rest about 9 o'clock, the bag under his pillow. Excitement kept him awake for several hours, but at last he sank into a heavy sleep, from which he awakened with a start to find it day.

He rang at once for the morning papers, thinking it barely possible that some hint of his adventure might have reached the press, and he was not disappointed. On the first page of The Sun was a story headed as follows:

"Mr. Atkinson Was Bugged; Lawyer Leland Loses Thousands by a Clever Trick; the Lawyer Is Ill of the Grip, and His Clerk, Mark Stanton, Paid Money in a Real Estate Transaction to the Wrong Man; The Real Atkinson Arrived Just Too Late and Raised a Rumpus."

It appeared from the story that Atkinson was a man for whom Lawyer Leland had done a great deal of legal work in the past year, settling up an estate; that Atkinson had never been in Leland's office, having been ill at his home in Summit, Pa., most of the time; that none of Leland's employees except Stanton had ever seen Atkinson, and Stanton had had only a glimpse of him at his home tucked up in bed.

Stanton, however, was a good deal of a "smart Aleck," his rusties say, and had assured his employer of his ability to carry through the transaction.

The story went on to tell how the sharp faced boy had discovered the loss of Reuben and had returned to the office in alarm to find Atkinson already there and the swindle known.

There was no resemblance between the two men except that they were of the same type and the same complexion and had the same fancy in the matter of whiskers.

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## SHIPPING NEWS

The Kilauea touched at Lahaina on Thursday evening with mail from Honolulu.

The Wachusett has been reinsured at nearly her full value by the underwriters.

A typhoon detained the America Maru one day on her trip from Hongkong to Honolulu.

The Maui came up on the Claudine's run this week, the latter vessel being on the dock for a general cleaning up.

The employment of the launch Tahalah at Kahului has demonstrated the wisdom of supplying a tug for harbor service.

Captain Wells, the assistant weigher of the custom house at Honolulu, will accompany the Euterpe to Kahului to weigh coal.

The Mauna Loa touched bottom at Maunaloa Bay. She backed off without trouble and suffered no noticeable damage.

The transport Sargon, loaded with horses for the German contingent in China, was to leave San Francisco about the first of this month.

The wind was blowing so hard off Fire that Prince Lyuk was unable to land at Maunaloa Bay on Thursday evening, as he had intended.

The United States transport California arrived in Manila from San Francisco 15 days overdue in a consequence of a breakdown in her machinery.

The United States hospital ship Relief arrived at Nagasaki from Tokyo on September 20th, with 102 invalids, of whom 26 were suffering from influenza. She will stay at Nagasaki for about a month for repairs, and the sufferers will be sent to San Francisco by another steamer.

It is anticipated that the wintering of the allied armies at Tien-Tsin will increase the activity of the shipping traffic of Japan with North China in the near future, and there are already indications that the freight rates for China will be raised 20 to 30 per cent before long.

The ships of the Pacific Mail S. S. Co. are the City of Peking, China, Rio de Janeiro, City of Peru, Aztec, City of Sydney, Newport Colon, Acapulco, St. Louis, San Jose, San Juan, San Blas, Costa Rica, Barracuta and City of Panama, aggregating 50,000 tons.—Advertiser.

### Vessels in Port—Kahului

Am. Dr. Carrollton, H. E. Jones, from Tacoma, Coal  
Am. Sch. R. R. Hinds, J. S. Hellingsten from S. F. Midse

### Arrived

Sept. 29, Am. Dr. Carrollton, H. E. Jones, 24 days from Tacoma, Coal

Oct. 1, Am. Sch. R. R. Hinds, Hellingsten 10½ days from S. F. Midse

### Departed

Oct. 1, Am. Sch. Defender, Masters, for S. F. 10500 bags of sugar & Sundries

### Expected.

Sch H. C. Wright from S. F.  
Sch Doru Blum from S. F.  
Bk Columbia from Tacoma.  
Sch Mary Dodge from Tacoma  
Sch S. T. Alexander from Tacoma

### Honolulu Postoffice Time Table.

DATE	NAME	FROM
Oct. 2	America	Maru Yokohama
" 9	Rio de Janeiro	San Francisco
" 9	City of Peking	Yokohama
" 10	Moana	San Francisco
" 12	Alameda	Colonies
" 17	Coptic	San Francisco
" 19	Gaelic	Yokohama
" 21	America	Maru S. F.
" 21	Aorangi	Colonies
" 24	Australia	San Francisco
" 27	Mowora	Victoria, B. C.
" 27	Hongkong	Maru Yokohama

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" 12	Alameda	San Francisco
" 17	Coptic	Yokohama
" 19	Gaelic	San Francisco
" 21	America	Maru Yokohama
" 21	Aorangi	Victoria, B. C.
" 27	Mowora	Colonies
" 27	Hongkong	Maru S. F.
" 29	Australia	S. F. Expects to

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## ANNOUNCEMENT!

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P. C. Jones, Vice President  
C. H. Cooke, Cashier  
F. C. Atherton, Assistant Cashier  
Directors—Henry Waterhouse, Tom May, F. W. Macfarlane, E. D. Tenney, J. A. McCandless.

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